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THE FLOWER QUEEN; OR, THE CORONATION OF THE ROSE!

A Juvenile Cantata,

COMPOSED BY G. F. ROOT, ESQ., NEW YORK,

AND

PERSONIFIED BY THE FEMALE PUPILS OF THE TORONTO
MODEL SCHOOL,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. H. F. SEFTON,

MUSIC MASTER OF THE NORMAL, MODEL, AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

ARGUMENT.

The Flowers meet in a secluded dell in the forest—to choose their Queen. A person, discontented with the world, seeks in the same place retirement from its cares and disappointments. The Flowers tell of love and duty; and the Recluse—learning that to fill well the station allotted by Providence, is to be happy—resolves to return again to usefulness and contentment among his fellow-creatures.

PERSONIFICATIONS.

RECLUSE	BARITONE.	JAPONICA.....	ALTO.
ROSE	SOPRANO.	VIOLET	"
SUNFLOWER	"	MIGNONETTE	"
CROCUS	"	TULIP	"
DAHLIA	"	NIGHTINGALE	FLUTE.
HELIOTROPE	MEZZO-SOPRANO	SEMI-CHORUS OF POPPIES	ALTOS.
LILY	"	SEMI-CHORUS OF HEATHER BELLS.	
HOLLYHOCK	"	CHORUS & SEMI-CHORUS of all the Flowers	

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THE FLOWER QUEEN;

OR,

THE CORONATION OF THE ROSE!

A JUVENILE CANTATA.

Part First.

1. INTRODUCTION.

2. CHORUS.

We are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That come at the voice of Spring,
To deck with our beauty the sylvan bowers,
And perfume the zephyr's wing.

The lushing rose and the violet meek,
With the hue of morn on its timid cheek ;
The daisy that blooms in the quiet dell,
The jessamine sweet and the heather bell.
We are the flowers, &c.

The marygold, dahlia, and sunflower, too,
And the proud holly-hock with its gaudy hue,
The lily, whose home is the pensive spot,
Where it sighs to the gentle forget-me-not.
We are the flowers, &c.

List! list! There is a footstep near.
Away! away! We must not linger here :
Hie we then to the forest shade,
And hide us all in our quiet glade ;
Away! Away! Away!

3. SONG (RECLUSE.)

HERE would I rest within this mossy cell,
Far from the busy scenes of strife and care ;
It is a spot where I would love to dwell,
And breathe alone the pure untainted air.

The voice of Fame allures me forth no more,
To win the garlands that so soon must fade ;
Ambition's wild, aspiring dream is o'er,
My wishes foiled—my every hope betrayed—
Wearied I seek repose beneath this peaceful
shade.

4. SEMICHORUS AND RECIT. (RECLUSE.)

(*Semichorus.*)

Rest thee here, O calmly rest—
We will soothe thy throbbing breast ;
And our sweet and airy numbers,
Stealing o'er thy tranquil slumbers,
Like the streamlet's gentle flow,
Shall beguile thy every woe.

(*Recit.*)

Hark! hark! what sounds are those so passing
sweet ?

(*Semichorus.*)

Rest thee here—why should'st thou roam
From our bright and blissful home ?
While amid your blossoms straying,
Balmy gales around thee playing.
Hope thy childhood's hours shall bring
On her light and sportive wing.

(*Recit.*)

Again their strange, mysterious tones I hear,
Like angel voices stealing on the breeze.

(*Semichorus.*)

We will teach thee lessons sweet,
In our cool and soft retreat ;
Here in one harmonious measure,
Floats the artless song of pleasure,
And contentment loves to dwell
In our green and mossy dell.

5. RECITATIVE (RECLUSE.)

Lost, lost in wonder, and with rapture filled,
I gaze enchanted, yet no form I see !
Tell me, ye dark aisles of the forest—
Say, who dwells within your dark and secret
shades ?

THE FLOWER QUEEN.

6. DUETT (ROSE AND LILY.)

WOULD'ST thou know what sounds are
stealing,
Thro' the fair and rural bowers !
'Tis no angel voice that greets thee,
But the music of the flowers :
Angel eyes perchance are bending
O'er our silken leaves the while ;
Truth and innocence are blending
In our fond and tender smile.

We are Nature's artless minstrels,
She hath taught the lays we sing ;
To the worn and weary spirit,
Thoughts of happiness we bring ;
In thine ear we softly whisper,
When the earth is lulled to peace.
List thee, then, for we are telling
Of a song that ne'er shall cease.

7. SONG (RECLUSE.)

OH ! gentle Peace, with thy returning ray,
How flies the dark and dreary night away !
I drink, as in the cloudless noon of youth,
The sacred font of happiness and truth.
Sing on, sweet flowers, and bear my heart away
A willing captive to your magic lay ;
Here will I rest, while o'er me gently twine
The creeping ivy and the clust'ring vine.

8. CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

Who shall be queen of the flowers ?
The summer is coming in beauty arrayed,
And bright bees are humming thro' forest and
glade ;
O'er hill-top and mountain is merrily heard
The voice of the fountain, and song of the bird.

Who shall be queen of the flowers ?
The fairies are dancing o'er meadow and grove,
And pale stars are glancing like soft eyes of
love ;
Then who shall be queen of our beautiful throng,
To join in our mirth and awake us to song ?

Who shall be queen of the flowers ?
We'll choose from the fairest that ever were
seen,
And gems of the rarest will circle our queen ;
The morning shall linger our fragrance to sip,
Which the dewdrop hath left on her delicate lip.

9. SOLO (CROCUS) AND CHORUS.

I AM the first of all the flowers
To hail the opening spring ;

(Chorus.)

Yes ! the first in spring.

(Solo.)

I've tales of hope for the lonely heart,
In the sweet perfume I bring ;
I was the first to rear my head
In this fair and goodly land !
The first of all the flowers to greet
The eyes of the Pilgrim band,
And since the first in every clime
Deserves the right to reign,
The honor of being the queen of flowers
May I not justly claim ?

(Chorus.)

The honor of being the queen of flowers.
May she not justly claim ?

10. SOLO (DAHLIA) AND CHORUS.

PEACE ! false pretender, dost presume
With colours rich as mine to vie ?
Look, look upon my beauteous bloom,
And hang thine head and close thine eye.

(Chorus.)

More kindly words were better far !

(Song.)

My stately form I proudly rear
When summer skies are beaming bright,
When thou hast closed thy short career,
And day with thee is veiled in night.

(Chorus.)

Mere boasting is not proof of worth.

(Song.)

And thou wouldst claim our queen to be !
Vain flower, I treat thy claim with scorn ;
How could thy subjects honor thee,
Since thou wouldst die ere they were born.

11. DUETT (HELIOTROPE AND MIGNONETTE.)

'Tis not in beauty alone we may find
Purity, goodness, and wisdom combined ;
Forms that are lightest are first to decay—
Hues that are brightest fade soonest away.
Gentle in manners, in temper serene,
These are the beauties we ask for or queen.

(Chorus.)

Yes ! innocence dwells with the humble and
meek ;
There lies the treasure—the pearl that we
seek.

12. SOLO (JAPONICA) AND CHORUS

PRIZED by the beautiful and great,
Mine is a peerless name ;

(Chorus.)

Is a peerless name.

(Song.)

Who rivals me in loveliness ?
Who will dispute my claim ?

(Chorus.)

Her claim !

(Song.)

I deck the fairest brows on earth ;
 And in the mazy dance,
 The ruby lip my smile returns,
 And bright eyes on me glance.

(Chorus.)

She decks the fairest brows on earth,
 And in the mazy dance,
 The ruby lip her smile returns,
 And bright eyes on her glance.

13. SOLO (SUNFLOWER) AND CHORUS.

(Chorus.)

But who comes here ? 'Tis the sunflower !
 Hail ! hail ! hail !

(Solo.)

Make way, ye silly praters all, for me,
 And know that I alone your queen shall be !

(Chorus.)

Hail ! hail ! hail ! Bombastes ever hail !

(Solo.)

The golden sun looks on me all the day,
 And gives to me at night his last—his part-
 ing ray ;
 For me decends the cool and gentle shower ;
 Mine is the noblest form, the broadest flower.

(Chorus.)

The noblest form ! Ho ! ho ! ho ! The broadest
 flower ! Ho ! ho ! ho !

The tallest form, 'tis true ! Ho ! ho ! ho ! And
 face the largest too ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! O
 gentle queen !

(Solo.)

What need of umpire ! mine the right to
 reign—
 A right that holds your boasted titles vain.
 Down at my feet, and do obeisance now,
 And place the coronet upon my brow !

(Chorus.)

Down at her feet ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! Hail ! hail !
 hail !

O gentle queen ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! O gentle
 queen !

14. CHORUS.

SAY where is our favourite,
 The child of the peaceful vale—
 The lily that bows so sweetly
 Its head to the laughing gale ?
 Doth the dark-eyed violet linger
 Where cooling streams repose ?
 And where is the fairest and dearest—
 Our beautiful blushing rose ?

15. DUETT (VIOLET AND LILY.)

SISTER flow'rets we are here,
 At your call we now appear,
 Not to tell of beauties rare,
 Nor a sparkling crown to wear ;
 Rather would we choose to dwell
 In our own secluded dell.
 And our balmy odours fling
 Where the birds so sweetly sing,
 While the lowly cot we cheer ;
 Thus we in our humble sphere
 Would be useful while we may,
 Till we fade and pass away.

16. SOLO (ROSE) and CHORUS.

The balmy odours which we bear,
 And softly breathe o'er all the earth ;
 The tints our silken leaves may wear,
 We owe to Him who gave us birth.

Then sacred through life's fleeting day,
 We'll keep the charm so kindly given :
 Our fragrance, when our forms decay,
 Shall waft like incense back to heaven.

17. RECIT. (TULIP.)

Lo ! twilight shadows gather o'er the hills,
 Chant we now our vesper lay,
 As we seek our quiet haunts,
 And with the morning light our queen we'll
 choose.

18. SEMI-CHORUS (POPPIES) AND CHORUS.

BREATHE we now our charmed fragrance,
 So your eyelids soon will close,
 And its powers your senses stealing,
 Lull you to a sweet repose.

You must yield, for we are potent ;
 Ye may not resist our sway ;
 While your fluttering, trembling spirits,
 We to fairy land convey.

We have conquered, you are yielding
 To our soothing breath so light ;
 Gently, gently now we whisper
 Sister flow'rets all—good night !

(Chorus.)

What is this our senses strangely drawing
 By its charmed power away ?
 Nodding, gaping, eyelids slowly dropping :
 Yes, we feel and own its sway !
 'Tis the poppies o'er us gently breathing
 Odours from a fairy bower !

THE FLOWER QUEEN.

Nodding, gaping, eyelids slowly dropping :
Yes, we feel and own its power !
Vain our very effort to resist them,
Though our little cups we fill
With the dew that sparkles all around us—
We are nodding, nodding still !

19. CHORUS.

COME ! come ! quickly away !
Soft winds chide our delay,
Night's call let us obey—
Come away !
Night ! night ! welcome to thee !
Our sleep gentle shall be ;
Come ! come ! happy and free,
Come away !
Hark ! hark ! softly and clear,
Come away !
Sweet sounds steal on the ear,
Come away !

21. INTERLUDE.—DUET (NIGHTINGALE AND ROSE.)

WHEREFORE dost thou thus enchant me,
With thy soft and tender lay ?
How thy notes, so sweetly tender,
Bear me in thy flight away !
O how fondly do I listen
To the music of thy tone ;

Lost to every thought and feeling,
Save the one I may not own.
All, all save one ! ah ! ah ! ah !

(Chorus.)
Happy rose ! Happy rose !

Part Second.

22. MORNING SONG—CHORUS.

Good morning !
Arise ! The blush of morning bright
Now tips the hills with purple light.
O come, our sister flow'rets all,
List ye to our merry call !
Good morning ! Good morning !

The night has kindly o'er us wept,
And watched us while we sweetly slept ;
While, grateful for another day,
Hail we its returning ray.
Good morning ! Good morning !

23. CHORUS.

To the choice ! To the choice !
While the morn is blushing o'er us ;
Haste to make our happy—

24. RECIT. AND SONG (HOLLYHOCK.)

SOFTLY, dear friends ! you've quite forgotte
me,
Another proof that sweet simplicity
And real worth too oft aside are thrown !
A truth, I must confess, I blush to own.

Of course, 'tis needless of myself to tell,
Since my superior charms you know so well ;
And really, if I now must speak my mind,
A better queen I am sure you could not find.

Do as you please ; I only would suggest,
In modest terms, the one I deem the best ;
Do as you please ; but then it seems to me,
You might as well bestow the crown on me.



THE FLOWER QUEEN.

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25. SOLO (DANDELION).—SOPRANO.

I WILL ! I will ! Yes I will go !
Why should I fear to take my station with the
rest ?
I'm always found in every place among the
best.
In vain you hold me ! Go away, it will not do !
I'll dare to speak my mind, and tell you what
is true !
For I am quite as good as you !
Proudly I stand ! Why should I fear
The station of your chosen queen to fill ?

Haste ye away ; bring me the crown
And I'll make you all obedient to my will !
Yes I will ! Yes I will !

26. SEMI-CHORUS.

We love you all with true sincerity,
And would to either willing subjects be ;
Through all alike our warmest feelings share,
Yet one alone the coronet must wear.

(Chorus.)

Who shall be queen of the flowers ?
Let yonder stranger now decide,
And by his judgment we'll abide.

27. SEMI-CHORUS (ALL THE ASPIRANTS).

STRANGER ! thou hast heard our claim,
Wilt thou then our Sovereign name ?
Humbly we appeal to thee,—
Tell us who our queen shall be ?

28. SONG (RECLUSE).

'Tis hard to choose where Nature's hand
Alike her gifts bestows ;
Here every flower on which I gaze
With richest beauty glows.
Though all our admiration claim,
Yet in the rose we find
A simple grace—a sweet perfume—
With loveliness combined.

'Tis true that with this gentle flower
A thorn is oft concealed ;
But she who wears a coronet,
A sword must sometimes wield,
And since it is my duty now,
A Sovereign to propose,
Wisdom must guide me in my choice—
Say, shall it be the Rose ?

(Chorus.)

The rose ! the rose ! the rose !—our queen shall
be.

29. CHORUS.

PREPARE we for the festive scene,
We'll crown with joy our lovely queen ;
From rural cot and valley fair,
The purest, brightest gems we'll bear.
The bells shall ring their merry sound ;
And o'er the distant hills around,
Where sparkling fountains gently play,
Shall sweetly float our festive lay.
Haste away ! Haste away !

30. SEMI-CHORUS (HEATHER BELLS).

WE come from the hill-side, we come from the
vale,
We bring the soft kiss of the bright summer
gale ;
We greet you with rapture—O beautiful throng,
For we are the heather-bells—list to our song.

When falls the pale leaf from our delicate
bowers.
We toll the sad knell of the innocent flowers ;
But when the gay spring decks the woodland
and glen,
We heather-bells blithely are chiming again.

We come from the hill-side, our queen to adorn,
With hues that have slept on the bosom of
morn ;
With rapture we greet thee—O beautiful
throng.
For we are the heather-bells—list to our song.

31. CHORUS (CORONATION MARCH.).

WE come from the palace, in splendor array'd,
We come from the mountains, the forest, and
glade ;
We come from the cottage, and meadow so
green,
A chaplet to place on the brow of our queen.

32. SEMI-CHORUS.

RECEIVE thy crown, O chief of flowers ;
Reign thou the Sovereign of these bowers :
To thee we now our tribute pay,
And willing own thy gentle sway.

33. SEMI-CHORUS (HELIOTROPE, MIG- NONETTE, VIOLET, AND LILY.).

ON thy brow the crown we place,
Decked with purity and grace ;
May the smile of Heaven serene ;
Rest upon thee gentle Queen !

THE FLOWER QUEEN.

34. CHORUS AND ECHO.

Long live our beauteous queen,
Bright be her reign ;
Echo, from rock to rock ;
Answers again—
Long live our queen !
In our united love,
Changeless and free ;
There be thy greatest power,
Hail ! hail to thee !
Long live our queen !
Long live our beauteous queen,
Honoured and blessed ;
Peace be around thee still—
Joy with thee rest !
Long live our queen !

35. SONG (ROSE.)

FILLED with gratitude and love,
E'er to Him who reigns above,
For each hue that round me glows,
And the fragrance He bestows,
Grateful to each heart and voice
That proclaim the rose your choice,
I accept the crown which now
You have placed upon my brow.

Not with pride nor feeling vain,
Good alone shall be my aim ;
As a sacred trust to me,
Shall the crown for ever be.
Thus in confidence sincere,
May we each the other cheer ;
Life in sweetest union spend,
Till its fleeting moments end.

36. CHORUS.

We go to fulfil our glad mission to earth,
We praise the great Being who gave us our
birth ;
And lessons of meekness and love we impart,
As we whisper of hope to the desolate heart.
In the chamber of sorrow how oft we appear !
And our leaves are impregnated with affection's
warm tear ;
We hush the sad moanings of sickness and pain,
And restore to the cheek its bright blushes
again.

We smile in the palace, we bloom in the cot,
And there is the dearest, the loveliest spot—
For we list to the pray'r's that at ev'n'g ascend,
Where peace with contentment and innocence
blend.
O'er the graves where the loved and the cher-
ished ones sleep,
We tenderly bow and we silently weep.
We'll ever proclaim to the creatures of earth,
The goodness of Him who has given us our
birth.

37. DUET (ROSE AND RECLUSE.)

(Recluse.)

I BLESS the hand that kindly led
My erring steps these paths to tread,
And taught me from the simplest flower,
To trust an over-ruling Power.
O selfish heart ! repine no more—
Awake to life and zeal once more !
Now to the world I'll haste with joy,
And time with usefulness employ.

(Rose.)

Go ! go ! We may not bid the stay,
'Tis duty calls—

(Recluse.)

And I obey.

(Rose.)

May peace and joy attend thee still,
And keep thee safe from every ill ;
So may we each in different ways,
Our great and good Creator praise.

38. FINALE—(ROSE, SOLOS, RECLUSE, AND CHORUS.)

(Solos and Chorus.)

LIGHT of eternal love,
Gently descending,
Pure from the throne of love,
Mortals attending ;
Guide thou his wandering way,
With Thy celestial ray,
Where their enraptured lay
Angels shall sing.

(Recluse.)

Long on this hallowed scene
Memory shall dwell :
Beautiful teachers,
Farewell ! Farewell !

(Solos.)

Star of eternal love,
Still with him dwell ;
Softly we whisper—
Farewell ! Farewell !

(Full Chorus.)

Light of Eternal love,
Gently descending,
Pure from the throne above,
Mortals attending ;
Guide thou his onward way,
With thy celestial ray,
Where their enraptured lay
Angels shall sing.

So may we each in various ways,
Our great and good Creator praise ;
Thus shall we show by faith and love,
His praise who ever reigns above.

Softly we whisper
Farewell ! Farewell !

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